cases a leaf or flower is itself competent to open the hillside. The little blue flower, forget-me-not, about which so many sentimenai associations have clustered, owed its name to the legends told of its talismanic virtues. A man traveling on a lonely mountain picks up a little blue flower and sticks It in his hat. Forthwith an iron door opens showing up a lighted passageway, through which the man advances into a magnificent hall, where rubies, and diamonds, and all other kinds of gems are lying piled in great heaps on the floor. As he eagerly fills his pockets his hat drops from his head, and when he turns to go out the little flower calls after him, 'Forget me not.' turns back and looks around, but is too bewildered with his good fortune to think of his bare head or of the luck flower which he has let fail. He selects several more of the finest fewels he can find and again starts to go out, but as he passes through the door the mountain closes amid the crashing of thunder and cuts off one of his heels. Alone, in the gloom of the forest, he searches in vain for the mysterious door; it has disappeared forever, and the traveler goes on his way, thankful, let us hope, that

he has fared no worse. CURIOUS TRADITIONS.

"Sometimes it is a white lady, like the Princess lise, who invites the finder of the luck flower to help himself to her treasures and who utters the enigmatical warning The mountain where the event occurred may be found almost anyhere in Germany. and one just like it stood in Persia in the golden prime of Haroun Alraschid. In the story of the 'Forty Thieves,' it is the mere name of the secret door which leads into the robber's cavern; and when the avaricious Cassima Baba, absorbed in the contemplation of the bags of gold and bales of rich merchandise, forgets the magic formula, he meets no better fate than the shepherd of the Ilsenstein. In the story of Prince Ahmed, it is an enchanted arrow which guides the young adventurer through the hinside to the grotto of the Peri Banon. In the tale of Baba Abdallah, it is an ointment rubbed on the eyelld which rehidden in the bowets of the earth. The ancient Romans also had their rock-breaking plant, called Saxifraga, or 'sassatras,' And the further we penetrate into this charmed it appear that the power of cleaving rocks or shattering hard substances enters, as a primitive element, into the conception of the treasure-showing talisman, Mr. Baring- | Gould has given an excellent account of the rabbinical legends concerning the wonderful schamir, by the aid of which Solomon was said to have built his temple. From Asmodeus, prince of the Jann Benajah, the son of Jehoiada wrested the secret of a worm no bigger than a barleycorn which could split the hardest substance. This worm was called schamir. 'If Solomon desired to possess himself of the worm, he must find the nest of the moor hen and cover it with a plate of glass, so that the without breaking the glass. She would seek schamir for the purpose and the worm must be obtained from her.' As the Jewish king did not need the worm in order to hew the stones for that temple which was to be built without sound of hammer or ax, or any tool of iron, he sent Bendiah to obtain it "In these traditions, which may possibly

be of Aryan descent, due to the prolonged intercourse between the Jews and the Persians, a new feature is added to those before enumerated: the rock-splitting talisman is always found in the possession of a bird. The same feature in the myth reappears on Aryan soil. The springwort, whose marvelous powers we have noticed in tained, according to Pliny, by stopping up the hole in a tree where a woodpecker keeps its young. The bird flies away and present ly returns with the springwort, which it applies to the plug, causing it to shoot out with a loud explosion. The same account is given in German folklore, Elsewhere, as in Iceland, Normandy and ancient Greece, the bird is an eagle, a swallow, an ostrich or a hoopee. In the Icelandic and Pomeranian myths, the schamir, or 'ravenstone,' also renders its possessor invisible -a property which it shares with one of the treasure-finding plants, the fern. In this respect it resembles the ring of Gyges, as in its divining and rock-splitting qualities it resembles that other ring which the African magician gave to Aladdin to enable him to descend into the cavern where stood the

Thus you will see that superstitions ap parently never die. The divining rod of the ancients, to which Professor Fiske has so entertainingly referred, is in use to-day with full confidence in its power, in our adjoining county of Montgomery, where an intelligent yeomanry till the soil, fear God help their neighbors and hold in reverent awe the occult power of a twig of the witch hazel when they wish to determine wheth er or not iron ore is imbedded in rich quantities beneath their growing fields and where, with one well exhausted, they shall probe the earth in search of another hid-

RABBI KRAUSKOPF'S FARM,

A New Agricultural Settlement for Jewish Immigrants. New York Sun.

The National Farm School for Jews nearly ready for occupancy and use, under the direction of Rabbi Krauskopf, its founder. The farm school is situated near Doylestown, Pa. The greater part of the necessary funds for the project have been raised within a year by the rabbi. Some time ago he announced that he had received from all parts of the country sub scriptions to the amount of \$20,000, and this sum has been largely increased during the past few months. A tract of land comprising 122 acres was bought for \$10,000 and was wholly paid for soon after its purchase, Upon it were farmhouses, which will prove serviceable; but it was seen that, in addi tion to them, a new edifice, equipped with mechanical appliances and scientific appa ratus, would be required, and the means for building it were drawn from the funds subscribed. An annual income of \$5,000 will be required for the maintenance of the farm

Rabbi Krauskopf holds that the Jewish immigrants to this country ought to pursue farming rather than trading. It is his design that the graduates of the new institution shall be so trained as to be able to take charge of Jewish agricultural colonies comers for productive labor. He thinks that the reason why so many Jewish farming projects have failed in past time is that their managers were ignorant of the methods of American farming; he believes that they might have been successful had they been in charge of scientifically trained and thoroughly experienced superintendents like those who will hereafter be supplied by his institution. The State agricultural colleges give mainly theoretical instruction to students who are left without knowledge of the practical work that must be performed on a farm. The young men at Doylestown will both labor and study. During the recent hard times many Jews have manifested a strong desire to take up farming lands and cultivate them, so that they might be relieved from pecuniary anxiety Several Jewish organizations have expressed a willingness to help those Russian ews who live in the slums of cities to remove into the country, where they may settle as tillers of the soil. It is believed that many of these Russian immigrants are better fitted for farming than for such other pursuits as they have been compelled to

"Why." asks Rabbi Krauskopf, "shall not the Jew return to the calling which his ancestors followed for ages with pride and profit in the land of Palestine? Why not seek to make farmers of petty traders and peddlers? Why shall not an effort be begun to turn the current of immigration from the cities to the country? You know how heavfly we are taxed annually for the support of the unemployed or the insufficiently employed Russian Jewish immigrants. You know how many of them eke out a precarious existence in the sweat shops, contracting the diseases that send them to our hospitals and make orphans of their children. You also know how their peddling and huckstering bring discredit upon the name and standing of the Jew. The object sought noble one. I know of none grander among all the enterprises that now engage atten-The language of Rabbi Krauskopf regard-

ing his farm is as energetic as has been be interesting to ascertain the result of his efforts. It is easier to account for the faila success of one's own project. The readers of the Sun are aware that there is already a Jewish agricultural settlement at Woodbine. N. J., the fund for the maintenance of which was furnished by the late Baron Hirsch, It comprises an area exceeding five thousand acres, and an agricultural school s a part of its outfit. But it is to be noted that a large proportion of the people of the place prefer factory work to farm labor. and that the storekeepers are pleased with the mercantile business in which they are engaged. Nevertheless, the experiment at Woodbine is one of great interest for the Russian Jews who have immigrated here. in Palestine itself there are now twenty four villages of Jewish agriculturists, established and upheld by people who have gone there from Russia, Poland, Roumania and other countries. With a single exception these settlements have become selfsupporting, though largely inhabited by men who formerly were peddlers. They have adopted modern methods in agriculture and industry. It is an idea of the Ex an organization known as "Zionists" that Palestine will yet have many hundreds of these agricultural colonies, and that, through them, the Holy Land will again iossom as the rose.

WINDOW-DRESSING ART

THE COMMERCIAL ADVANTAGES OF MAKING ARTISTIC DISPLAYS.

Especial Talent Required for the Work and Much Labor Involved-Some of the Devices Employed.

New York Evening Post.

nizing the commercial as well as artistic. advantages of beautifully arranged windows is evident to the most indifferent observer in the shopping districts.

"Window dressing, as well as store decoration in general, is a fine art now, it a science. Good window dressers are demand, and there are very few of them. said the director in a store whose business it is to criticise the window dressers' achievements and order a window "out"

when the effect is not satisfactory. "There are two kinds of window dressing," he went on, "the florid or acrobatic kind, and the kind that is more reticent. Some window dressing is used merely to call people's attention to the store-mechanical toys and figures, allegorical symbols, any and everything that is striking in color and arrangement is resorted to; the more subtle kind of dressing is designed to show the quality of goods to be found in

'A few years ago any employe in a store the goods under his charge was detailed to yeals at a single glance an the treasures | do some part of the window dressing and interior decoration. Sometimes a member of the firm who had a bent that way picked out two or three clerks and decked off a circle of traditions, the more evident does | window or two to suit his fancy. Not una store at all, no matter how handsome. All that is gone by now. The decorating department is separate and distinct from any other in the business and recognized as very important. A head decorator is paid sufficient salary to focus his attention on the matter, and he hires such help as he can to work under his orders. Old windows are altered over, and new windows are planned especially for the display of goods. The windows have to be properly lighted and ventilated--

"Ventilated? The goods don't breathe? "No, they don't, but the window dresser and his assistants do. Sometimes the men the shades drawn down. It is natural that they would hurry the job and not have much patience for artistic effect if their heads were bursting from the close air and they were cramped for space. Ventilation is a strong point. Just now our window dresser is at home asleep. He worked here all night last night. He does that often. Sometimes, after all his pains, the window ordered out because the effect is not right. Sometimes we spare his feelings, but in the course of a few hours some one of the firm discovers that there is a certain line of goods that has not received propa advertising, in which case there is a compelling motive for that particular window being blotted out and a new one arranged

THE NOTION WINDOW. "The most difficult window to dress, be cause the most tedious, is a notion window, and yet it is one that brings in, perhaps, out of all departments, the most practical return to the firm for the time and thought put into it. Next to the notions come silks. The shades and luster of silks are full of

dresser, but the silks are the most expensive goods in the house and must not be pinned, must not be crushed, rumpled or allowed to have the slightest bit of bloom taken off them. Wash fabrics are no easily managed; the ginghams and cotton stuffs are stiff and unyielding, and refuse to lend themselves to design at the hands of the decorator that can easily be exhibit ed in softer goods. There are twenty dif ferent styles of plaiting and overlapping and draping silk or wool. These styles can be regularly taught to a boy or a gir anxious to learn, though some people ingers are so clumsy that they might take essons for years and be but bunglers in the end. The successful window dresser must have a knowledge of color and proportion and the price and value of the goods he deals with, but he must know something about history and mythology likewise, and be quick to get up new de signs for Decoration day, for St. Valentine's, for the fall school-opening time, for the Fourth of July, Washington's and Lincoln's birthdays, Easter, Christmas, any and all public and religious festivals and celebrations that touch the whole people Whether the occasion be of national or only commercial importance, the judicious use of wax figures is a great factor. Wax figures give a realism and life to the window that cannot be dispensed with, but they must be good figures and must be disposed in an artistic way. A man can have his

windows arranged so as to show off the cheapness of his goods pure and simple, and again he can give the better-priced goods such a prominent place and arrange them so dexterously as to concentrate the shoppers' attention on the value of the better grade in contrast with the cheaper.' "Where do our best window dressers come from?" "A good many come from England, from pprenticeship in Cheapside and St. Paul's churchyard. A good many learn the trade as boys, from helping under the head decorator of a store; some excellent window dressers are evolved from the salesmen in the stores. Our most satisfactory window

dresser, who is paid \$60 a week, began work with us twelve years ago as a cash boy. He went through several stages as salesman. and by the time he had got to the woolen dress-goods department the deft way in which he arranged the boits of various colors and displayed the goods on his coun ter told plainly that he could be better employed elsewhere. The sort of salesman who is never found showing a reddishblonde woman a pink gingham or a redflowered challie, and who instinctively knows the shade of dress goods likely to please a brunette, will most likely develop into a window dresser if he has energy enough. If, in addition to his feeling for color, he has tact enough to bring some slow-selling goods to the front and speak of them in such a way that the customer buys, his chance is better still, for more than half of the success of a window dresser consists in managing the goods to best advantage. He must ticket them right and must beware of using commonplace-sounding phrases. A really tasteful. carefully arranged upholstery window that we had in last week was spoiled by the ticketing. 'Unique cheapness' was one of the ceneral tickets. We go in for the reticent style of decorations and believe in showing just enough of the goods we have to sell to whet the interest of the passer-by and tempt him to come inside and investigate the stock. SHAPE OF THE WINDOW.

"The kind of window that is designed particularly for a show window," he replied; was a wonder in its way. Those roundedglass corners reflect all sorts of queer lights, and it is next to impossible to make goods show off in them or even look as good as ordinary. The interference of outside objects is another stumbling block to the window dresser. I mean lamp posts and street stands and signs reflected in the for in the founding of the farm school is a | front glass. Awnings are another troubleoften a greater nuisance than anything the decorator has to contend with. Would you ike to see my tools-my implements? added. "Come up on the top floor and I'll show you what answers to me for a painthis labors in its behalf. After a time it will | er's tubes and brushes, and I keep school for my boys besides. There is a big, airy work shop on the top floor, and there are ure of other people's projects than to make | half a dozen boys learning to plait and shirr and pucker white cheesecloth on to plain surfaces. There are long shelves piled with metal rods, certain kinds of lights and crystals for brilliant effects, and 'fixtures' of all descriptions. Some of the boys are covering half moons and octagonal blocks with black velvet. These are to show off fans and jewelry upon. In a room to themselves girls are making paper appleblossoms and paper Bermuda lilies. There are curved-necked swans and cupids, and

> "That woman in black crepe? O, she for the mourning window to show off the quality of black Henriettas. That linengowned figure is to sit by the spinning wheel yonder in a display of a certain brand of linen household goods, Sometimes she sits by a hand-loom instead. We have these tennis racquets and golf sticks to be used in setting off our outing or recreation window, that will come in about June, In all the dark, rainy winter days I study to make my windows cheerful and com-fortable-looking; blankets and comfortables and rich rugs are delightful goods to work with; in summer I try to have the displays look refreshing and inviting.

The conscientious window-dresser some-

And Any and British of Indian Co. and St. Co.

all serts of figures being draped and clothed

with semblance of reality.

times works up into a better paying bustness. It was a legitimate window-dresser who got the contract for the decoration of | church. the inauguration ballroom. The scope for the window-dresser is growing wider every day, and in the best business houses he | couldn't preach. He's a Methodist. has even a better chance to the interior of the store than on the windows themselves, ly, "he distinctly said so. He said he was for there are a hundred departments needing special attractions. The ideal window display, one that will soon be introduced, does away with a background altogether. The base of the window is seven feet wide and the goods are arranged on it in the best possible light, but there is drapery at the back, parted like an ordinary home window curtain, and through the parted curtains a glimpse is obtained of the counters within, with people buying and busy salesmen and women moving about. The use of mirrors in window-dressing is apt That merchants are more and more recog- to create confusion, and unless placed judiciously they do more harm than good, except in cases where it is necessary to amplify space. Window-dressing in the largest sense is a field of employment not yet invaded by women, possibly because the reaching and lifting is too hard work, and besides there is a good deal of climbing to be done in the draping of ceilings and walls. There is no reason though why a woman could not be a window-dresser with men to carry out her plans, and do the heavy work.

"There is much economy to be considered n window dressing. When window decoration was first becoming popular in America. it was understood as a matter of course that the display must cost the enterprising firm considerable money. A certain Boston house once had thousands of dollars' worth of silk cut up to make the flutings and Nine children had he and of them the youngest pipings of an imitation grand organ. It is doubtful if they suspected that the decorator would be so lavish, but such a blunder could never occur now. The best goods in the house, even the most delicate and costly, are used in window displays, but they are handled with the greatest care. Even a window of the striking mechanical kind. with figures poping up out of an Easter egg. or a procession of swans in motion, bridled with ribbons and in full feather, can be got up at a cost of \$50 or \$60. Economy, the making of much out of little, combined with proper care of the costly goods used, is the keynote to a decorator's

GRANDMOTHERS AND THE GIRLS.

Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton Makes a Plea for Wider Liberty for Girls.

Nothing delights Mrs. Elizabeth Cady Stanton so much as to contrast the old times with the new. She says she remembers just how the grandmothers trained their girls. "And the contrast is wholly in our favor," she adds, with a laugh, Then we had less form and less freedom, and now we have more form and more freedom. The American girls of to-day have infinitely more dignity, self-possession and intellect than women of other countries. I've spent considerable time in England, and the girls there, from sixteen to a years of age, can scarcely express a well-digested opinion on anything. English girls grow up with the idea that they must be seen and not heard. No such idea prevails in this country. Our girls, from the time they can toddle, are seen and heard on all occasions. I shall never forget attending a dinner in an old English eastle, once occupied by Queen Elizabeth. Murat Halstead's daughter, a chit of a girl, was present, and when she ventured to express well-rounded, thoughtful opinions on everything that came up, including politles. I wish you could have seen how astonished her hearers were. For weeks they talked of the wonderful American girls. "In every respect the present training of girls is better than the past. Then they were shut out of colleges, and any woman who was thrown on her own self had two resources-teaching and sewing. Fine teachers they were! There was a time when women were not allowed to study the classics. If we are going to sift out

everything that is indelicate, we must begin by throwing out the Bible and Shakspeare, along with the classics, and many of the old poets must follow. "The term 'unfit for the young' no longer exists as a vital principle. Some people hold that the modern mother guides her sons with a better understanding, and, coincident with this new function, has relaxed her discipline over her daughters. The wise mother talks to her boys and girls just alike; she has the same code for both. Our grandmothers did not talk to either their boys or girls. Other and more knowing boys and girls told the truths which our grandmothers should have presented in the most delicate, natural and

beautiful way "To assume that a mother can guide her children is to assume that she is wise. In many, a great many, cases her children know more than she does. Many mothers hamper their children instead of developing

"Even to-day children are too much restricted in many cases, as they have too much latitude in others. The most crippling influence in human development is fear. The young a hundred years ago had to contend with it, and they are contending with it to-day. Children are trained by their parents to fear God-I know His omniscient eye used to make me half crazy -to fear the devil, to fear their parents their teachers, to fear almost everybody and everything. I speak from my own experience. My mother was a splendid woman, but she believed in the military discipline, 'Go, and he goeth,' 'Come, and he cometh.' I was afraid of her and of everybody else. Nothing is so conducive to human happinese and development as liberty, and children don't have half enough of it and my sisters were restricted in our reading. We were trotted to the old Presbyterian Church every Sunday, and made to listen to a sermon over an hour long, and then we were trotted home and made to study the catechism and read the Bible for the rest of the day. Fortunately, my Bible had an apocrypha, and I could read about Bel and the dragon. The devil was constantly held up to us, and nearly every day when our childish spirits broke loose we were told, 'You must surely be a child

of the devil. "Peter, an old colored man, whose sole business was to look after my two sisters and me, was the only human being we were not afraid of. We gained some freedom through him. Things went on this way until one of my sisters married a Mr. Bayard, of Maine, an uncle of Thomas F. Bayard, who was embassador to England under President Gleveland. He had for those days very queer ideas about training girls, and good deal of freedom slipped into our home when he entered it. We never had any chaperoning. My father was a judge of the Supreme Court, and when he'd hold court we'd go along and dine at the hotel with the lawyers and spend the evenings playing chess and dancing with them. The young have always had freedom in the country, so far as conduct goes,

"Children have more latitude in their education, reading and amusements than formerly, but there are still a few fools left. One woman actually said to me that the mothers of to-day arrogate to themselves the right of counseling their young sons, by which the sons find that she knows things the very knowledge of which, to a son's mind, lowers his ideal of woman. That's perfect tommy rot. If there was ever a time when man had this ideal of woman, how comes it that he never revealed it in the laws and Constitution, in religion and theology? How comes it that she is a mere subject in the state, church and home

"Did boys ever make confessions to their fathers? No. nor fathers have never talked to their sons. I call it talking to a child to sit down and give it the basic principles of life. Neither mothers or fathers do this, "What is the most difficult kind of a win- | Parents can't know what their children are thinking about. Where a child has a very strong desire to do something, unless it is actually hurtful, it should be allowed to do it. I shall never forget an experience I had with my little granddaughter. Her mother had gone to London on business. and she stood looking at the colts scampering in the pasture. The rain was pouring in torrents. She said to me with a

> "I wish I was a colt, so I could run in "'You don't have to be a colt to do that, said I. 'Come and let me take off your clothes and you can run in the rain all you

"If you could have seen her! She tore around like a mad child, and came in crying: 'It's grand to be a colt, grandmother! I told her when nobody was there but she and I that she must tell me everything she wanted to do very much, and that I would let her do it. She'll be a much better girl for that liberty. "This thing of saying, 'Don't, don't,

don't,' to a child doesn't pay. Things that seem to us unfit for a child aren't unfit at all. Sometimes it is a book. Let the child have it. It won't understand it and will skip the unfit parts as uninteresting. Maybe it is a play. The same truth will hold good. Children are often overburdened with a sense of wrong. Anyway, how are the young to meet the dangers of life unless they understand them? If our girls were always sure of having a good right arm to lean on until they are safe on the other side of Jordan it would do very well to treat them like canary birds. But once thrown out on the world the question confronts them. 'Am I prepared to meet the conditions?' When innocence is ignorance it is almost criminal, and generally the fault lies not with the ignorant one, but

with the parents.' Not a Methodist.

Washington Post. This is a story which Robert Lincoln O'Brien tells, and he says he actually overheard it. A fortnight ago he came out from morning service just behind two women who were especially interested in the sermon they had just heard. "It was such a lovely sermon," said one.

"It gave me so much to think of. It is too bad Mr. Blank doesn't belong to the "Doesn't he belong to the church?" said the other. "Why, he must belong or he

SVEN DUFVA.

A Battle Poem Translated from the

Longfellow of Finland.

In last week's issue of Nordlyset, the

terpreted by General Christensen:

service he had seen

since then

Had had enough of

full and fast,

did it wrong.

indeed too soft!

As this kept on, as with

Once more he asked:

could express

full and o'er

worth to see;

Sven as a soldier was

laugh or scorn.

in any man

could be.

Duncker's corps.

Ne er mind.

dier-soldier, yes!

you, my stupid Sven?"

father shook his head.

scorn the old man said.

Without ado Sven Dufva got his

ne'er before been born,

the perspiration ran

ways did it wrong.

he tried his hest.

charged his bayonet.

famous everywhere

His comrades, all who saw

never he did care

without a doubt

take the silly

Perhaps I may

Became a drudge when

Russians' lead.

from the fray,

And to a little river's

their way

in a ditch.

an attack:

army's track

food and drink.

river's brink.

a moment's lo

the little band.

ward quickly ran.

death retired.

The Finns stood firm-one

obeyed, but yet

taking flight.

used his gun

and kept on.

they could not to

in the river fell.

would not viel

of fight and fame.

let them drown!

Still forces fresh came storming

and strike them down!

courage saved the day.'

When all was quiet. Sandels rode

cruel fight was o'er.

shore and tought

was on his face

so much more rale

He found was not a stranger

Ecneath the heart, where Sven lay

grass was colored red.

It looked so quiet and

strong and hate.

he gazed upon

well-known one

death he bled

I am afraid

Sandels ward

not to molest.

hint was but true.

Let not a single man pass o'er, but

He taught them one

Sandels would arrive.

stood so stout and still,

Some formed

will cross.

A short way up

in the fight

the war broke out.

he'd forget.

He turned before the order from

"arms afoot" and "rest,

He shouldered gun; for "arms

He did his "right," he did his "left,"

ne'er will understand

the nine came last

hood, strong and brave

'How will this end? my Sven, my

labored like a slave

them all.

one was seven.

Retired and living on his farm

And in the great King Gustaf's time

If so, he gave the older ones their shares

In spite of all Sven thrived and grew to man-

And ever as he plodded on, his lips were full

He did his work with all his heart, but always

'Ah, Sven. my poor, my stupid lad," so growled

One day the father growled again, but short

To his surprise he found his son an answer

Sven opened wide his mouth and said: "A sol-

Half-witted Sven stood twirling thumbs, the

"Fine soldier you would make, my son!" with

I guess 'tis easier to fight and die for one's

The sergeant's heart grew warm and soon

And now began a famous drill, a drill well

The corp'ral laughed and swore such fool had

But Sven continued with a will, unmoved by

Such steadfast drill had ne'er before been seen

meaning of "right shoulder shift," and

long Sven Dufva's wondrous drill grew

with you on the battlefield; I guess I'll find

His knapsack and his gun he kept. The simple

He had his stupid moods at times, but ne'er a

toll he was no more afraid than

Their duty done they sauntered off ne'er

To guard the bridge Sven Dufva stood upon the

But while the men enjoyed their meal, there

In breathless haste, an adjutant upon his foam

We have reports that o'er the bridge the

'Down to the river, quick!" he cried, "without

The gen'ral will be here with aid, and we will

Away he flew. The little troop now bridge-

The Russians on the other shore attempt to cross

And of the little Finnish troop eight men by

This grew too warm; but, hoping still that

Then sounded thro' the broil "Retire!" and al

Sven Dufva by mistake remained and charged

usual he understood the orders not aright

took his stand upon the bridge instead o

Broad-shouldered there he barred the way and

Prepared to show the enemy his ever famous

Not long he had to wait to show the way he

For on the narrow bridge the foe came storming

For by his "right" and "left" they dropped and

But then came Sandels with his men, all ful

'Stay, bravest lad!' aloud he cried, "keep on

Ah, that is how a soldier true for Finland fights

Come men! be quick! and give him help; his

To naught the Russians' plan had come, the

The enemy soon turned about and left the riv

To find among his men the one who had

They showed him where Sven Dufva lay, just

in the self-ame place Where stoutly he had stood before. Now peace

Stood on the bridge before his foe, though now

When Gen'ral Sandels stooped to look, the face

A Russian bullet struck his breast and soon

Well knew that bullet where it hit! My friends,

It chose a better place and struck his noble,

These words of Sandels passed around and every

Of wit and of better sense he had received

trilling part-

good and true his heart.

Duft's found that what was said about

charged, they aimed and fired,

And while they rested at a farm

came with flying speed

"Bayonet charge" and "arms present" to learn

But when the order came "to rest," his lesson

He kept his own peculiar gait, and thought

The corps was ready, counsel held was

plowed the fields and felled the trees and

SVEN DUFVA.

Brooklyn Eagle.

ANCESTRY OF OUR 'UNCLE'

IT IS GENERALLY BELIEVED THAT "No, he isn't." said the first woman firm-HIS ORIGIN IS PREHISTORIC.

> But Here His Beginnings Are Fixed in Lombardy in Comparatively Recent Times-Useful Person.

'Megargee," in Philadelphia Times.

Swedish paper, was published a poem A friend-a good but a foolish fellow-had which will interest many, partly because to go around the corner the other day to see of its merit, and partly because of its my uncle. He told me about it, and the translator. The poem is from the Swedish event put into my head the desire to tell of Johan Ludvig Runeberg. Finland's you something about my relative. Many Longfellow, and the translator is the wellyears ago, when the centuries were just in known Brooklyn financier, philanthropist their teens, the richest family in all Lomand generally useful citizen, General C. T. bardy was Medici. One of the Medici had a Christensen, president of the Brooklyn daughter named Venus, who dressed in Trust Company. Here is the poem, as inblushes and dimples-nothing more-or else Venus was a goddess in marble found somewhere-possibly near Tivoli, in eleven Sven Dufva's father, old and poor, a sergeant pieces, and for a time owned by the Medici family. The Medici had something to do with her, anyhow. One of the Medici boys was in the habit of running about town with three heavy golden balls hanging from a leathern thong in his hand, and with these 'Tis hard to tell for certain if old Dufva at he would crack the pate or split the shield of any young buck who opposed him. The Medici family became proud of the youngster, and adopted as their armorial crest For none was left for Sven, the son, who of three gilt balls.

The Medici all grew rich, and the princes, who lived next door, becoming a little short of cash, borrowed from their neighbor, Mr. Medici, leaving as security their plate and diamonds. When these valuables were redeemed Mr. Medici required a small percentage of the cash for his trouble. Other princes, also starving financially, paid Mr. Medici a call, and soon throughout the whole town, throughout all of Italy, the Medici became known as money lenders. Their little percentages were little no longer. Folks then called them usurers. Some of them went to Paris and founded the Rue de Lombard; others went to London, and Lombard street in that city still knows their descendants, who also named one of our down-town highways. All of them, however, remembered the boy with the back of the fire and add to it a sliced the three golden balls, and, as an emblem onion, one small carrot and half a turnip of their trade, hung in front of their little | chopped fine, and one bay leaf. Cover the shops three balls of brass-gold was a little | too dear. The Lombard merchants, as they were then called, branched out into all countries, and fifty years ago one of them flung the three gilt balls to the breeze in a street of Philadelphia. He made money and elevated three more balls in front of another store. He made more money, and opened two more offices. His three brothers envied his luck, and all of them opened shops Seven shops, twenty-one gilt balls, all with the same name above the doorway. Then other men came into the business. nearly all were descendants of the original Lombards.

MONEY IN IT. My uncle thought there was money in it. He opened a pawnshop. The shop is down town. Through the dirty window panes a full score of hardened-looking silver watches look anything but happy. Huge clusters of brilliants that might be diamonds, but are not; a decrepit-looking case of surgical instruments that must surely have belonged to a seedy-looking student; three or four formidable looking revolvers, of all shapes, sizes and ages, and a baby's shoe of blue completes the gorgeous array that tries to brighten up the window, but fails most miserably. My uncle, obedient to the call of a sharp-voiced bell, comes from behind a green-curtained wire grating. He is not a handsome man. He could scarcely be called philanthropical looking. He never boasts of his looks, so they may be passed by. His stock in trade is rather peculiar. store for him were better times-and then It is put up in bundles of all sizes and various shapes and stowed away on capacious shelves. What a liberal patronage of the press my uncle must be. Every article in his shop has a newspaper for its covering. He scorns manilla wrappers. They cost cash. Wait a minute; he has a customer. She is dressed neatly, but she must be very poor. What do you think she has? My uncl never blushes. If frilled and flounced less a man would call it a shirt. 'My grashus, you vud rob me. I am no

a Rothschild, Yes, yes, you will come back. Dat is mebbe so, but I run no risk. I gif you fifdeen cents." It is my uncle who is talking. The woman takes the money. My uncle takes the "pledge;" brings out another newspaper and stows it away. Eight months from now-the law fixes the limitmy uncle will have an auction sale, and somebody will buy the poor woman's garment, for, of course, though she intended to, she never redeemed it, and my uncle will get his fifteen cents back trebled in

"My! My!" said the good old man yesterday, times are very bad. You dink, den, 1 make de more? Ah, no: I vaunts the barties to come back and pay me de interest. Dere is de brofit. De interest, Ah, my son (he never calls me nephew), the interest counts up very fast; but times are so hard, beoples let de eight months go by and the auction don't pay so well. I haf none of the rich customers. De poor beoples-ah, how I pity dem-come to me, and I haf to sell at auction and lose all of mine brofits. Here comes another of dose poor beoples." When going out of my uncle's shop he was say

ing in a tearful voice: "My grashus; you vud rob me." He wouldn't rob a soul. "So 'And you," he spoke unto the man, who led A BENEFACTOR. If you cannot destroy the bridge, then to the Lost is the army if behind our back the foe

somewhat farther up town. He, too, descends from the old Lombards, but a 1°w drops of the ancient Medici blood must still trickle through his veins, for he is totally unlike my uncle. The three gilded balls hang before his door, but you don't see blear-eyed, barefooted children tremblingly lifting the latch. He positively refuses to traffic in their ills. He, too, has capacious shelves burdened with bundles, but in far corner an immense fire-proof containing hundreds of drawers is filled with precious treasures. He talks to you about his business in a business-like way. "Hard times affects us as they do other men. You may think they would prove our harvest season, but you are mistaken. Our business is of the highest grade, and the percentage of articles redeemed is about the same in all seasons. About 85 per cent, of our pledges are redeemed. Our profits are in the redemption. Goods sold at auction rarely bring what they cost, together with the accrued interest. Clothing must be sold without reserve. It will not do to keep it. It gets out of fashion. If an article is redeemed. in all probability it will come back to us again, and thus is a continual source of income. But though our percentage is about the same, we are not doing much business, This may be accounted for by the fact that a considerable portion of our customers are young men paid monthly salaries, who, after a night's carousing, come to us, leave their watches and replenish their purses. During these hard times, perhaps, carousals are not so frequent, and our usefulness to this class of persons passes away. Our list of customers embraces people in every occupation of life. I would surprise you if I mentioned some of their names,

"This morning an honorable judge paid me a visit, and left behind him a family treasure. He was temporarily embarrassed and wished no one to know it. We betray no secrets. Why, some of the most respected families on Spruce and Walnut streets visit us. Old ladies, depending upon annuities to support them, bring their silver that has remained in the family generation after generation. When their annuities are paid the family treasures are taken home again. These are our regular customers. Then there are wives who are allowed a certain monthly sum by their husbands, but who go beyond their allowance. The jewel box is lightened of its burden, and we become temporarily the custodian of the treasure. Lawyers are among our most profitable customers. I could give you the names of prominent members of the bar who frequently visit us. They may go a long time without a case. Then they make use of us. They receive a large fee. Then they redeem their pledges, pay us back the cash, plus the interest, and go away only

Yes, we come across many peculiar phases of life. A man called about six months since, and handing me a watch worth at least \$250 asked me to let him have 25 cents upon it. I looked at him in surprise. and then hastily ran over our list of stolen watches. It was not mentioned there, I told You are, his head so poor and weak it deigned him I would give him far more than 25 cents upon the watch. He said he wanted no more, and, noticing my look of surprise, he said to me: "To-night I accompany some friends to the theater. I know from previous experience that I will become cated, and I will either lose or sell my watch. I now leave it safe in your hands, receiving for it 25 cents. To-morrow morning I will pay you 25 cents and get it back. Well, sir, regularly every week, or every with delicious dishes is cream Be-

to return again.

two weeks, that man vis'ts me and leaves his watch in my care. If I do say it myself some of us-the higher grade-are a useful class of people to the community, and those who so often talk of reforming us don't know what they are talking about. Our expenses are enormous. The landlords pile the rent upon us as they do upon tavern-keepers. We employ inside and outside watchmen, and are obliged to have a number of assistants-all versed in the value of nigh everything. Stocks we never touch; they are too risky. We try to do a safe and legiti-

THE MATTER OF SAUCES.

A Very Important Branch of the Culinary Art.

New York Sun.

One of the most important branches in cooking, and perhaps the one most neglected by the average cook, is the sauces. Good sauces add much to the delicacy of food. A delicious dish may be ruined by the use of a poor or inappropriate sauce, and, on the other hand, many plain dishes may be made very palatable if served with a suitable dressing. The French give a great deal of care and attention to this branch of culinary art, and are noted for making the most nutritious and delicious The foundation for most sauces and gra-

vies is the same as for soups-the stock

pot; but sauces being served in small quan-

tities, bits of material may be used in mak-

ing them that would otherwise be thrown aside as worthless. A famous artist was asked by one of his admirers how he mixed his colors. His reply was: "According to my taste." In most sauces a cook must strive to find out what special seasoning will please those she has to cater for, and flavor according to taste; but a few of the general rules for sauces that are easily made may assist the young housekeeper. For a white sauce: Put three tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan and place it over the fire. When the butter is melted add two tablespoonfuls of flour and stir until it is smooth and frothy. Draw the pan to one side of the range and gradually stir in two cups of white stock or part stock and part milk; add a few drops of onion juice and season with salt and paprika, and cook ten minutes longer. Chopped parsley may be added when desired for

To make a good brown sauce: Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan over Then place the pan where the vetgetables will take on a color; stir in two tablespoonfuls of flour and keep stirring until the flour is well browned. Then gradually add two cups of stock, three cloves, a blade of mace, half a dozen pepper corns, and some salt. Again cover the pan and let the contents simmer twenty minutes; then strain, and the sauce is ready for serving. This sauce may be varied by adding wine, lemon juice or mushrooms, thus making different sauces with the same founda-To make a hot mint sauce for serving

with spring lamb: Put into a saucepan four sprigs of fresh mint, a bay leaf, a quarter of an onion, one tablespoonful of canned tomatoes or one slice of a fresh tomato, one teaspoonful of sugar, one tablespoonful of vinegar, the beaten white of one egg, and one cup of rich, clear stock. Place the pan over the fire, and when the contents come to the boiling point draw it to the cooler part of the fire and let the sauce simmer ten minutes. Strain i through a sieve into a clean pan and again place it over the fire. To a teaspoonful of cornstarch add two tablespoonfuls of sherry and stir it into the sauce, continuing to stir until the sauce is again boiling. Meanwhile chop fine a few fresh mint leaves, add them to the sauce and serve For a cold mint sauce: To two tablespoon

fuls of washed and finely chopped mint add a little white pepper and a gill of vinegar in which two tablespoonfuls of granulated sugar have been dissolved, and let the sauce stand half an hour before serving. If this sauce is prepared hot the vinegar and sugar may be heated to boiling, and just before serving stir in the chopped mint, Tomato sauce is quite a favorite for croquettes, chops, and many entrees. Put into a saucepan two tablespoonfuls of butter, two slices of carrot, and a small onion cut into quarters. When they commence to brown stir in a heaping tablespoonful of flour and cook five minutes; add half a can of tomatoes, a gill of stock, two cloves blade of mace, and salt and pepper. Let this sauce simmer twenty minutes, then strain through a sieve and serve. A German sauce for serving with boiled trout or small fish is made thus: Soak a hard biscuit or piece of zwieback in a cup of wine until it can be mashed to a pulp Add the juice of half a lemon, a small spoonful of butter and a generous cup of the strained liquor in which the fish was boiled, which should have been seasoned with a bay leaf, pepper corns, salt, and a little vinegar. Mash fine the yolks of two hard boiled eggs and add them to the other ingredients with a teaspoonful of sugar Let the sauce simmer over the fire unti it is of the desired thickness; then pour it ever the fish, which should have been kept A venison sauce, which is also used for

mutton, is made thus: Stir together one tablespoonful of butter with a tablespoonful of mustard and three tablespoonfuls of currant jelly. When these are well blended add three tablespoonfuls of vinegar, part of a grated nutmeg, and a dash of cavenno pepper. Place the sauce over the fire, and when it comes to the boiling point add three tablespoonfuls of chopped pickles and serve at once.

Bread sauce is used for game and poultry Put into a double boiler two generous cup of milk and place it over the fire; add quarter of an onion and one cup of finely sifted bread crumbs; cover the boiler and let the ingredients simmer twenty minutes Take out the onion and add one tablespoon ful of butter and season with salt, paprika and a tiny pinch of mace. The sauce is then ready to serve. Brown some bread crumbs in melted salted butter and sprinkle them over the fowls when this sauce is served in a separate dish; but if the sauce is poured around the birds scatter the to 12. browned crumbs over the top of the sauce as well as the fowls.

A delicious sauce for serving with ducks or game is orange sauce. Peel the yellow rind from an orange and let it simmer in water until it is tender. Drain the peel and cut it into straws three-quarters of an inch in length. Place this peel in a small saucepan with the strained juice of an orange, a wineglass of sherry small cupful of clear stock and let the mixture cook until it comes to boiling. Meanwhile cut the pulp of a nice orange into small pieces, taking care to remove all the white part; add the pieces to the hot sauce and serve at once.

An olive sauce is a delicious accompaniment for roast duck, beefsteak and many entrees. Soak one and one-half dozen Queen olives in hot water for twenty minutes. Put into a saucepan one tablespoon ful of butter, and when it is melted add one tablespoonful each of chopped carrot and onion. When they are lightly browned stir in a heaping tablespoonful of flour and keep stirring until all are thoroughly browned. Then gradually add one and onehalf cups of brown stock, a blade of mace, one clove, a bay leaf, and salt and pepper Cover and let the sauce just simmer for twenty minutes. Meanwhile pare each olive from the stone in one long spiral piece Let the olives boil in a little water ten minutes; then drain them and drop them into the strained sauce. Heat it to boiling point and serve. If the sauce seems too thick, a little more stock should be added. To make horseradish sauce: Grate two tablespoonfuls of horesradish and add to it one teaspoonful of white sugar, the same amount of salt, half a teaspoonful of dry mustard, a quarter of a teaspoonful of pepper and two tablespoonfuls of vinegar, Mix

fore serving stir in three large teaspoonfuls of whipped cream. This sauce is particularly good with roast meats or steaks when one wishes a cold relish as well as a hot gravy or sauce. Curry sauce is very much liked with poiled chicken or poured over boiled rice

these ingredients well together and place

them where they will keep cold. Just be-

for a side dish. Put two tablespoonfuls of butter into a saucepan and stir into it two tablespoonfuls of flour, a scant tablespoonful of curry powder, and a teaspoonful of onion juice. Let these cook a few moments, but do not allow them to brown, Gradually stir in one cup of milk and again cook them for a few moments before putting in one cup of cream. Season with salt and just before serving add a hard-boiled egg chopped fine. Hollandaise sauce is very much used and

is a delicious dressing. Place half a cup butter in a bowl and rub it to a cream, Add the yolks of three eggs, putting them in one at a time and mixing each well in before adding the next. Season with the juice of half a lemon, a suspicion of onion uice, half a teaspoonful of salt and a dash of cayenne pepper. Slowly add one cup of hot water. Place the bowl on the fire in a pan of boiling water and beat the liquid sauce with an egg beater until it become of the consistency of thick cream or boiled custard. Do not let it boil, and beat it for a few moments after it is taken from the fire and before it is poured around what-ever it is to be used with. This sauce is used with boiled vegetables as well as with meats and fish.

Another favorite sauce served frequently

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of butter with the same quantity of flo until they are thoroughly blended. the mixture into a saucepan with a ba leaf, a sprig of parsley, one small onion an two slices of carrot cut into pieces. Add balf a dozen pepper corns, a piece of mace, some salt and a dash of cayenne pepp Stir in one and one-half cups of wh stock. Cover the pan and put it where its contents will cook slowly for half hour, stirring them often. When t sauce has cooked the required length time stir in one cup of cream and let th sauce again come to the boiling point and remove it from the fire. Beat the yolk of an egg light and stir it into the sauce as soon as it is taken from the fire; then strain

To make a sauce to serve with a boiled or baked ham take half a pint of rich brown stock and stir into it the same quantity of champagne or white wine and let them simmer together fifteen minutes

The Suspender Sign of Old Age.

Sauces are like salads-the name is legion.

"There are many signs indicating that old age is coming on a man," remarked an aged gentleman to a Star reporter, "but one of the surest is when he finds that his sus penders have a way of slipping off the shoulders. At first he thinks there is something wrong with the suspenders and h tries to remedy it by tightening them u For a while this cures the trouble, but in little while there is more slipping and gets a new pair of suspenders. Even the slip off and make him feel uncomfortable After a , while he discovers the trouble it not with the suspenders, but with himself As years roll on a man gets more and more round-shouldered, and unless he has hi suspenders braced up by connecting them with a band behind the shoulders he call not keep them up. I remember some years ago hearing two very prominent mer speaking of the fact that they were ge ting old. One of them was at the tin Vice President of the United States and the other was a leading senator. 'What makes you think you are growing old?' one them asked of the other. 'I found it out was the reply, 'as soon as I discovered that my suspenders would not stay up. has been my experience also,' came from the questioner. Neither of the gentlemen referred to had yet reached his seventiet yar, but they had both discovered they were growing old by the same incident i their lives. I have never known it to fa After a man reaches sixty his shoulder grow round steadily, and by the time he seventy-five his shoulders have jost all their

The Cello.

Not while the cello hid its tone 'Neath din of viol, harp and horn, But when it rose at last alone, Were faith and inspiration born.

original size and formation.

Nor printed word, nor golden tongue, Nor canvases nor statues rare, Have led me where that last note hung. Dying, upon the tranced air. -Meredith Nicholson, in the Century.